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(The Magazine of the Bizarre) Fall/Pastorale 1999

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EDITORIAL

Hello folks, and welcome somewhat belatedly to the second issue of *Screen Queens Illustrated*.

Those of you who've been buying the American edition of this illustrious publication will notice quite a few changes this time round. We have a different cover, for a start, and we have a number of features that the Americans don't – mainly the

unexpurgated Brigitte Lahaie interview and pics, which will no doubt provoke a few of the more timid of our readers to write in and complain! But if you're thinking about sending me some rant about political correctness, my message up front is, if you don't like it, don't buy it.

The first UK issue of *Screen Queens* was a major success, and it has certainly made us think

about upping the frequency of publication. But we've had a few teething troubles in our dealings with the US publishers. At time of going to press these hadn't been fully ironed out, and it may be that we might end up doing a totally different *Screen Queens* mag under our own steam. But if you took a subscription to this one, don't worry, we can assure you that we always fulfil our obligations. In fact we're already working to get the next *Screen Queens* to you a bit earlier

than usual.

Considering how many copies we sold of the first mag, the level of mail has been disappointing to say the least. We'd really like to hear from you with your bouquets and brickbats, and maybe with lists of gals you'd like to see covered (or uncovered!) in future issues. We're trying to firm up a deal to get more issues of *Screen Queens* out into UK newspapers as well, so it wouldn't do any harm if you let were to ask around for it and help create a demand. In the meantime, the fact that you're reading this now means that you're either a subscriber or you've bought your copy mail order through *The Dark Side*, so thanks for your support.

That's enough from me for this issue. I'm sure you'd rather move on and enjoy the palatial picture spreads of your favourite femme ladies – whoops, what a good name for a magazine! Have fun, and remember the wise words of Woody Allen, who says that it's the fallen women who always get picked up. There's a lesson there somewhere. .

Allan Byrne



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SCREAM QUEENS ILLUSTRATED

Volume 1
Number 2

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MONIQUE!

**SEXY FILMSTAR MONIQUE GABRIELLE BARES HER SOUL
(AND A FEW OTHER THINGS)**

Photos by John Copeland & Anthony Angove

I never mislaid the title of Scream Queen, until recently. During this past October I was a guest at three Halloween theme parks. I was hired because of the Scream Queen title and my horror movie connection. That wasn't the problem. The problem arose when the first of the theme parks billed me only as a Scream Queen. They didn't have my movie credits on view, just a huge sign that said SCREAM QUEEN and my name. Unlike most of the fans who are reading this, the general public doesn't know what a Scream Queen is. So, about a hundred times a night, men, women, and children would ask me to scream. They would ask me if I provided the screams for the movies, or just the theme park. Some probably thought that my only function in life was to sit there, look good and Scream! I felt like a carnival freak!

Before going to the second stop on my tour, I decided to go prepared and made up a big sign that listed my movie and television credits. The sign was displayed and my movie stills were placed on a board. That helped. People were then able to place a movie title with my image from that film. Most people don't bother to watch the end movie credits. It always disturbs me when people get up after the movie ends and don't watch the end credits. Don't they want to know the names of the actors, the art director, the stunt people, or the song writers? Well, I guess that's another story.

Except for my theme park experience, being a Scream Queen has been an honor. It has elevated me to — dare I say it — Cult Status. It surprised me when I first started hearing my name in connection with the title. In 1990

and 1991 magazines started including me in their Scream Queens articles. I had only been in a couple of horror films, but I guess because I had so many different films to my credit, they considered me worthy.

Being a celebrity is great. I get to express my thoughts and feelings to thousands of people who just thought that they were going to look at naked ladies.

Before receiving my B-girl /Scream Queen title, I had about 10 parts in such A films as YOUNG DOCTORS IN LOVE, NIGHTSHIFT, AIRPLANE II and FLASHDANCE. I had bigger roles in BACHELOR PARTY, playing temptress to Tom Hanks' groom-to-be, and in AMAZON WOMEN ON THE MOON as the perpetually nude video centerfold. My biggest A film was DRAGNET. Unfortunately, my scene was cut, but fortunately the residual department doesn't know that!

Next, I started doing the B-movie thing. Less money, bigger roles. I had notable roles in CHAINED HEAT, SCREEN TEST, WEEKEND WARRIORS, THE BIG BET, and MUNICH. I costarred or starred in HOT MOVIES, YOUNG LADY CHATTERLY II, ROSEBUD BEACH HOTEL, EMMANUELLE 3, THE RETURN OF SWAMP THING, SILK II, and ANGEL EYES.

The following films gained me my Scream Queen status. In TRANSLYVANIA TWIST I played Robert Vaughn's vampire daughter. We spoofed all the real horror films. It

was high camp fun. For EVIL TOONS my looks were downplayed and the nerdy Megan emerged. It was also a horror/comedy, but the suspense was real when I was the last one on the countdown list. David Carradine, playing a strange ghost, and I must befuddle the Evil Toon to save the world. In 1978-EVIL II once again my sexy image was toned down to transform me into the prosecuting attorney. Even though this film did have some humor, it was played more seriously than the others. It got especially serious when I suffered neck and back injuries while filming the "car out of control" sequence. As you can probably see from the pictures, I didn't suffer any external damage.

This business isn't always glamorous, but I wouldn't trade it for any other. I've gotten to play some really great characters, like Evie from DEATHSTALKER II. In this sword and sorcery spoof, I utilized my comedic flair to play the dual characters. As the good Princess Evie, I was the single girl next-door and as her evil clone I vamped it up and was dressed to kill (I actually). My favorite character will always be Agnes the Bag lady from NOT OF THIS EARTH. The film was notable as Tred Loefer's first legit film. But to me it immortalized my long time character of Agnes. As a child, I not only watched the CAROL BURNETT SHOW, I acted it out. My favorite character was the cleaning woman. I played this character at Girl Scout talent shows, family outings or where ever there was an audience. Later on, this character became a bag lady. Agnes is a real person to me.







MONIQUE

Agnes can say anything that comes to mind. She doesn't care if people think that she is crazy. Maybe she's the sane one. Agnes is the part of me that is deep inside, wanting to say what ever the hell I want to. But the part of me that is Monique looks around to see if someone is looking at me strangely. Maybe they are just looking around to see if someone is staring at them.

In addition to my film work, I've also appeared on TV, acting in episodes of HUNTER, HARDBALL, and HBO's DREAM ON, and composing it up as myself on HARD COPY, ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT, USA's UP ALL NIGHT, and The Movie Channel's JOE BOY'S DRIVE-IN THEATER. Being a celebrity is great. I get to express my thoughts and feelings to thousands of people who just thought that they were going to look at naked ladies. That's one of the reasons I've written my autobiography, so that I can tell people about the real me and reveal secrets about my life in Hollywood (and spice it up with naked pictures). For more of my thoughts be sure to join my Fan Club. You'll receive photos, newsletters with movie reviews, appearance information, project updates and more thoughts. You'll also receive information on how to get my autobiography MONIQUE: CONFESSIONS OF A HOLLYWOOD SEX SYMBOL, and how to get photos like the ones seen here (which were taken by the best photographer I've ever worked with — PENTHOUSE and glamour photographer John Copeland). There is also a personalized video letter/date. In each video I wear sexy see-thru lingerie and talk directly to you. Your video date is made especially for you — so send me information about yourself and/or questions you'd like for me to answer. 📧

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THE EVIL FROM INSIDE

DARK ALLEGORY by JOHN CARPENTER

We can imagine a tribe of humans sitting around the fire, and the shaman, trying to explain why so much pain, violence, fear and death have befallen them. He tells of evil forces that lurk somewhere just beyond the darkness at the edge of the firelight. These forces are trying to destroy the tribe with powerful magic. They are succeeding.

This is "the Evil from Outside."

We imagine a second tribe of humans gathered around another fire. There is also a harvest upon their land, and their shaman tells of another kind of evil, one that eats away from inside the body and mind, one that springs from within the tribe, a malignancy of flesh and spirit. This shaman tells his flock that the best argument against the existence of god is...the nature of man.

This is, then, "the Evil from Inside."

At this moment, we imagine a scientist arriving at the fire, telling the tribe of the evil in the cells, the evil in the genes — in the chemicals of evolution, the struggle for existence, the drive to survive, the hunt and the kill. "Are we not meat? Then why do we hunt upon our young?"

The scientist confuses the tribe, because what he seems to be saying is, "Virtue does not exist. There is only adaptation. There is no eternal reward, only silence." The portrait of nature that he paints is drenched with blood — "red in tooth and claw" — and the greatest reward is reserved for those who are "fit" rather than those who are "good" or those who are "right." Evil, then, is a product of genetics, inherent in the species.

These ideas frighten the tribe. As technology accelerates, the tribe's scientific literacy accelerates. Knowledge itself becomes suspect. The tribe runs up, grabs the scientist, and throws him into the nearby river. "That will be enough of that," they say. Their shaman agrees.

We need only take a superficial glance at the world in which the tribe lives to understand why there is so much fear.

My tribe lost its ability to understand what was real and what was not, and we could not teach our children the difference.

Ethics and religious wars rage across the planet. Closer to home, in their streets, schools and dwellings, there is crime, violence, corruption...

The tribe is afraid of what it is becoming, and when humans become fearful they usually take the easiest way out — or, as the ever-suspect scientist might say, "The path of least resistance." It has always been easier for the tribe to destroy what it doesn't agree with.

Many Wise Men among the tribe — shamans, scientists, physicians — declare that the ultimate source of evil is to be found in furniture that is designed to record and transmit visual signals. This demon furniture is to be found inside the dwelling places of most of the tribe's members, and they spend much of their time staring at it in a meditative trance, a state of altered consciousness.

According to the Wise Men, the visual signals emanating from the evil

furniture cause behavior-modifying effects on the youngest members of the tribe that corrupt them, once they are adolescents or adults, to commit homicide. There is, according to the Wise Men, a direct connection between the evil furniture and criminal behavior by viewers.

A product of the tribe's beautiful technology, the evil furniture glows in the dark. As electrons stream across dwelling spaces, young eyes, unable to differentiate or judge, absorb almost continuous acts of violence, according to the Wise Men — violence without consequence. Faraway violence. Stylized violence. As adults, the eyes become cold. They kill. Like visual heroin, these violent images from the evil furniture addict young tribe members, turning them into murderers.

The Wise Men warn the tribe, "The only way to solve the problem," they say, "is to regulate the amount of violence children see on the evil furniture." But, strangely, none of the parents seem willing or able to take on this responsibility. If one suggests turning off the evil furniture, the reaction is most often anger, as if some freedom were being unfairly taken away. Unrestricted evil furniture viewing, then, is a right.

The tribe is afraid. You can hear the hard clawing of dread in their voices. "The tribe should try to determine what speech in general is causing harm and act on it," one says. "I mean, who cares about a little freedom when we've got the common good to think about?"

The tribe is afraid. They burn books, destroy thought, kill their young.

continued on next page

The tribe is afraid. Many of their artists change what they create in order to survive. Tribal creators tell sexual and violent acts on art, and the creators alter contents to please the creators.

The tribe is afraid. They have lost their ability to determine what is real and what is not, and therefore they cannot teach their children the difference.

I grew up in a tribe long, long ago. It was called "1990s America." I lived in a small town in the southern region of the land, where belief in the supernatural took on a fervent intensity in the form of ritualized worship of a fierce, magical creator. Tribal members with black skin were excluded from nearly every aspect of life in my region, and occasionally one of their bodies would be discovered, hanging from the limb of a tree. The family of the hanged man would be denied the right to use the same bedrooms as those of us with white skin.

On Saturday afternoons, I overheard the whispers between old white men whittling in the town square: "The south shall rise again," which translated means, "One day we will again own slaves."

In the evenings, I listened as my father told of another tribe in a faraway land who possessed things called H-bombs that were capable of ending life as we know it on this planet. Our tribe had them, too. Were we all damned? I wondered.

My second-grade teacher read a book called *The Bible* aloud to my class, cover to cover. It was the story of the fierce, magical creator, and it was unforgettable. Before the universe was created, wholly good beings called Angels in a wholly good world called Heaven became evil and rebelled against the fierce, magical creator. To say that this is at all possible is to postulate the self-creation of evil, or *ex nihilo*, out of nothing, an idea that has never quite left me as all my years.

Then there was the night an older scientist told me of a dark secret at

the center of nature — namely, that certain tiny pieces of what we call matter quite literally have no objective reality about them at all, and only manifest themselves in various guises when observation is attempted. To say that this is at all possible is to postulate a voided, ghostly consciousness hidden deep inside all of us that gives man the ability to create fact by observation. The name given by the older scientist to the world we live in was "observer-created reality."

But the old scientist had a red, tired look on his face, because this secret, quite possibly the greatest single intellectual achievement of mankind, was hidden from the generations of my tribe by a strong belief that science is intrusive and dangerous.

When I was young, my tribe was afraid. Bodies were buried, thought was controlled, the young were killed. Many of our artists changed what they created in order to survive. We had tribal creators, and our creators too altered content to please them.

My tribe lost its ability to understand what was real and what was not, and we could not teach our children the difference.

As I grew older, my tribe changed. It became less rigid, less afraid. For a time, the dream left our voices. For a time, we sang songs.

Now I am older, and once again my tribe huddles around the fire, fearful and angry, lost and disillusioned. The shaman rises. The twilight sets at one side of his face, and the other side remains in shadow. I watch his eyes as he speaks.

The shaman tells my tribe the reason evil stalks the land is that we have too much freedom.

I study the faces of my fellow tribe members.

They nod their heads. They agree. 

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POSTAGE

SCREAM
QUEENS
DISCOVERY





Olivia

**A REVEALING CONVERSATION
WITH FANTASY ILLUSTRATION'S
LEADING LADY**

James Reynolds
Illustrations © 1994 Olivia De Berardinis



In the current art world no artist is gaining recognition more rapidly than a quiet, reserved lady known only as Olivia. This exceptionally talented professional has the unique ability to portray sensual, erotic women.

Art critics and fellow craftsmen herald her as the worthy successor of such established legends as Alberto Vargas and Gibson.

Currently featured in *Playboy* magazine, Olivia DeLennardista's work is also represented in the world of trading cards and greeting cards. Through her licensing and publishing company, Quora Productions, which is run by her photographer husband Joel, her first book **LET THEM EAT CHEESECAKE** has just been released.

Olivia and her husband recently guested The Night of the Living Dead 25th Anniversary Convention held in Pittsburgh. It was there that SQJ was able to conduct an interview with the delightfully shy and reserved lady.

OLIVIA, your work is obviously so detailed and profound and it demonstrates years of training and application. Just how old were you when you began to express the talent you possess?

OLIVIA: Like most artists I began as a small child. Being an only child I was very lonely and forced to amuse myself. I would enter my own fantasy world of beautiful women and exquisite gowns and draw whatever pleased me.

When did you begin to concentrate on the female form?

OLIVIA: From the very beginning I have always drawn women. The allure and mystery, the beauty of the lady has consistently fascinated me. I was already drawing women when I was four years old.

As you were growing up and maturing as an artist were there any artists in the field who influenced you?

OLIVIA: Not really. I chose my own career and style without prompting from anyone. If anything made an impression on me subconsciously it may have been my mother. She was a beautiful model and I loved watching

continued on next page





man reach to him. Her sense of subtle power often is reflected in my work.

Did you have any instruction or art training at a school?

OLIVIA: None. I am completely self-taught. I attended the New York School of Visual Arts in 1967 but it was a total waste of my time. I seldom spent any time in a classroom. I preferred to start my career.

You began immediately?

OLIVIA: Not really. I was confused and very disorganized for several years. I was just drifting. Finally the necessity of earning a living demanded

I begin a serious effort. I broke into the professional field in 1974 and was hired as a free lance artist by numerous men's and girls' magazines. *SHANK*, *GENESIS* and *CLUB* are a few that come to mind. I was in my mid twenties at this stage of my life and I know I'd reserve to death if I tried to succeed in fine arts or fashion illustration. Those fields held in his interest or appeal for me.

Did you experience any opposition?

OLIVIA: No. None at all. It was refreshing as I was more than welcome by most of the artists and especially editors who were thrilled to work with a woman.

After you began to become established and earn your own reputation were you encouraged or supported by any other better known professional?

OLIVIA: Only Boris Vallejo. He was a dear man who made it a point to visit and offer advice and suggestions. Since we both deal in the fantasy aspect and concentrate on form and body I appreciated his interest and I value his friendship.

What inspires you? How do you arrive at a particular theme or subject?

OLIVIA: Well I deal a lot with atmosphere and a certain mood I'm trying to evoke. It requires numerous feelings

I'm searching for. Very often my models will reveal their own fantasies to me. Many of the girls who model for me have marvelous ideas and fantasies in which they see themselves. One girl recently requested I illustrate her as a vampire. The theme of each rendering eventually becomes a culmination of many ideas and feelings.

How long does an average work require?

OLIVIA: Anywhere from a week to ten days or in the case of a larger more substantial piece of work such as a large oil it may take well over a month. The session usually begins with my husband Joel doing numerous photo studies and poses and then I do a lot of pencil sketches and color tests before I execute the final piece.

Any big projects looming in the future?

OLIVIA: Eventually, I'd enjoy publishing another book but that will require several years of preparation. Next year in May I'll be presenting a big show featuring my work which Joel and I are excited about. And naturally I continually strive to better myself in my work.

What mediums do you work with? What are you most comfortable with?

OLIVIA: My favorite medium is watercolor. I enjoy the freedom it gives me to express myself and the vanous effects I can obtain from it. However, I do many illustrations in oil, gouache and, of course, acrylics. Each medium presents its own challenges and problems. Since the publication of my book, I've been appearing at a few conventions and book signings. However, I'm at ease and happiest in my studio. I'm really not used to being around crowds.

Any advice for young artists?

OLIVIA: Practice. Believe in yourself and practice.

There's no doubt that Olivia follows her own advice. ☛





Mummy Dearest

Photography by Bill Suttie

Written by Bill Randolph

Costumes by Where Fashioners. Jewelry by Costume World



Mummies always have cursed! There comes the horror! Run as fast as you can! I couldn't. I had to know what she looked like. I'd seen mummies in the museum, and I always wondered afterward what was underneath.

Now was my chance to find out.

As a child I always had a "love-hate" relationship with the dark. Nighttime meant nightmares. Nightmares meant waking up in bed, disoriented and scared by the vivid visions of unspeakable terror that had invaded my sleep, haunting my imagination. I would try and muster up the courage to run from the darkness of my bedroom, to the safety of my parents' arms, but I was always too paralyzed with fear to move.

Everyone told me the nightmares were "my" fault. That I had brought them on myself. That my obsession with horror films was not normal.

"If it's not normal, then why are the movie theaters filled with people just like me?" I would ask. And I would answer my own question by saying, "Because we love to be scared!"

We do. Fear is a fascinating emotion. It causes us to tremble. To gasp and catch our breath. It sends chills up our spines and down our arms. But, when we finally come back to reality,

and remember that it's only "make believe" we breathe a sigh of relief and say, "Wow, that was cool."

The nightmares and my obsession with Homer did not end with my reaching puberty. They continued through my teens, into my twenties, and remain strong even now, in my late thirties. Two nights ago, I ventured into a nightmare that made me understand how beautiful fear can be.

In my dream I was wandering, as if I were lost, in a dark descending tunnel. I remember looking at the stone floor ahead of me. The dust was at least a half-inch deep. I glanced back over my shoulder. The footprints that followed behind me resembled tracks in fresh snow.

The tunnel was hauntingly silent. My imagination kept saying with my emotions and begging me to give up this expedition into the unknown. I was about to listen to it, when I noticed an orange glow before me. A flickering of shadows as if something was burning. I remember thinking to myself, "With my luck I'm walking straight into Hell."

Before I could rationalize what to do, I reached an airway that crossed a chamber. A large stone room. I peeked around, but the major part of the room was to the left of the opening. I had no choice but to enter.

My theory of fire had been right. Before me was a massive catacomb. Four torches in the corners of the tomb lit a stone altar at the far end of the room. Upon the altar lay a gray figure. As my eyes adjusted to the light, I saw two horizontal openings cut in the wall behind the altar. They also appeared to have figures lying inside them.

One thing was missing from this dream. The fear! Normally I would have dreaded what danger or horror was about to engulf me, but the fear was totally absent. I walked toward the altar.



Maria Solari



The figure was that of a mummy. The tight wrappings around the corpse defined the fact that it was a female. Patches of the aged cloth which bound the girl were rotted. When I pondered the idea of disrobing part of the mummy, to see what it looked like under it's ancient exterior, the fear returned!

Mummies always have curses! Here comes the horror! Run as fast as you can! I couldn't. I had to know what she looked like. I'd seen mummies in the museum, and I always wondered afterward what was underneath. Now was my chance to find out.

My fingers trembled as I took hold of the wrappings at her elbow. The once-cherished fabric disintegrated in my hand and turned to powder. I pried my fingertips beneath a larger piece. It also crumbled, revealing flesh! The flesh wasn't darkened and wrinkled, as I had expected. It was cream colored. As I touched it, it felt smooth and moist. She appeared to be perfectly preserved.

I knew it was wrong, but I had to see more of her. Picking areas within easy reach, I broke away patches on her stomach, hips and breasts. All revealed the beauty of what must have been a princess, in her day.

"Can her face match this incredible body?" I thought to myself as I unmasked her. It did. She couldn't have been more than twenty when she died. Her eyelids were painted a haunting shade of green. Her lips shaped with blood red. Long strands of reddish brown hair framed her cheeks.

She looked content and peaceful, until her eyes opened! "Yep, here it comes. I'm gonna shoot straight into a nightmare! Go ahead, give it to me good!" I thought.

I stepped back from the altar, and froze in my tracks as she sat up!

"Don't be afraid of me," she said, "I'm the love side of your dreams."

"Yeah, right," I said to myself.

She lay on her side, facing me, and spoke again. "Come here, lie with me, make love to me."

As if this weren't enough, the two figures in the cotecocoba behind her sat up, stepped down and stood behind her. They were hauntingly beautiful. Their slender bodies were draped with white shrouds that were just sheer enough to tease my racing imagination. They joined her on the altar. Of all the stupid things to flash through my mind, I thought of the Old Norseman slogan, "Things don't get any better than this."

I mean it's only a dream, so what the hell, why not go for it? Right? I did! For what seemed like hours, the four of us made love. Every position and combination that my warped mind could imagine.

When I woke up, it was morning. Rather than being rested, I was exhausted. I lay in bed for an hour, trying to go back to sleep. I wanted to go back to my dream, world forever. But I couldn't.

I look forward to nighttime now, and hope that once again I'll have more than just a memory of my "Murreny Dearest." 🍷



KENT STEINE'S THE EVOLUTION OF

HOLLYWOOD GLAMOUR



Hollywood glamour artist *Kent Steine* had a strong interest in art all through his growing-up years, but never thought of making it his career till he studied under Owen Kempner in the early sixties. *Kempner* had illustrated the *DANNY ELLON BOOKS* and *FRAT RAY* for McGraw-Hill, and had helped prepare course books for the Parsons Artists Schools. For five

years, *Kent* learned everything he could from this great teacher. Within a short time, he made a name for himself in advertising illustration, while pursuing a freelance life drawing and painting attractive women. Since early 1962, in collaboration with publisher *Paul Burke*, *Kent* has focused on glamour and pin-up art including paintings, sketches, photos and limited edition prints featuring

today's most popular and beautiful actresses. He says, "I try not to be trendy. Elements of style or fashion must be timelessly classic. Although my images are influenced by personal interests, glamour, elegance, beauty and poise must supersede all other qualities."





Hollywood glamorous portraits, the portraying of screen idols in paintings, sketches and photographs, rose with the star system in the motion picture industry of the 1920s. Studio publicity departments created the image of the star, artists and photographers enhanced that image with dramatic lighting, costumes, poses, etc. They used traditional devices of portraiture and added a veneer of glamour drawn from the worlds of fashion, advertising and publicity.

Many great artists were well known for drawing and painting beautiful women, including H. C. Christy, Colin Phillips and Montgomery Flagg, of whom it was said you could tell you had "arrived" when he painted you. But Rolf Armstrong may have been the first to capture the true essence of Hollywood glamour. His superior draughtsmanship, style and dramatic lighting arrangements made him the choice to paint the screen idols of the twenties and thirties. By the thirties and forties, John Bradshaw became similarly famous for his portraits of stars and starlets in pastel.

However, by this time Hollywood glamour was mostly being portrayed



through the lens of the photographer. Great studio photographers like Clarence Sinclair Bull, Eugene Robert Richey and Ernest A. Bachrach were largely responsible for the look of Hollywood glamour of the thirties, forties and fifties.

Fun Loving SHE-DEVIL



Michelle Bauer
EXPRESSES HER POINT OF VIEW
(Point_Get #7 Oh, never mind)

Article by Mark Yanko
Photography by KEN MARCUS

I guess I became a Screen Queen by accident. I was doing a film called *ROMANTIC VISIONS*, and the man who'd cast me for that introduced me to Fred Olen Ray. They had already cast *THE TOUCH*, all except the lead, and there was one good friend of Fred's who really wanted the role, but she was blonde — came in with a black wig, and really wanted to do it. He liked what I did, how aggressive I was, 'cause I had to slay a guy against the wall and act like a real bitch, and for me, that's natural! So I got cast, and I couldn't believe it, I was so nervous. "Oh my God, I actually got a real part in a movie!"

And Fred and I just clicked. We still do. We're very good friends. He never makes you feel small, he makes you feel important. He knows I admire him, but he doesn't act like it. He doesn't get an attitude. And I've seen him go from little jobs to big jobs, and I've seen his versatility and I've seen what he enjoys, and he's fun to work with.

My most challenging role was the run in *SPIRITS* with Pink Estrada. I didn't speak, and in that sense, it was the most challenging. I was so nervous — and I wasn't pretty in that, they cut my hair and I had no makeup and I looked awful, and that was hard. That was taking a step down for me, that I wasn't pretty and glamorous and sexy and I couldn't speak. On top of that, we were shooting in Bronson Canyon in December — we were freezing! But Jeffrey Combs and Sybil Danning were two people I've always admired. Robert Quarry, Dawn Wildenuth and Sade Stokes were in the picture, too.



I loved playing "Mercedes" in **HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS**. It was a blast. I felt comfortable with the hooker role. I mean, I've never done it, but I liked the idea of it. My inspiration was Shirley Maclaine in **IRMA LA DOLCE** — she played a fantastic hooker, and I always loved that movie with her and Jack Lemmon. A lot of naive stars have played hookers — James Lee Curtis, in **TRADING PLACES** — and it seemed to me like, "Oh, well, here's another avenue for me. I wanna play a hooker; I think it would be fun." "When you get into horror films, you tend to get cast and re-cast into the same kinds of roles, and that's why I really wanted to be Mercedes... It was fun, coming out totally nude, except for a shower cap, and taking a chainsaw to my john — who happened to be played by Fred Chen Ray!"

I also had a lot of fun with John Wildman, in **SOCURITY BABES IN THE SLIMEBALL BOWL-O-RAMA** — to go from a young, conservative girl to the nymphomaniac was fun. I loved being nude and ripping off his clothes, because he thought I was a masochist! A lot of people don't realize what lengths I'm willing to go to. John Wildman just thought I was completely nuts.

In **THE DWELLING**, a young man has a dream where I walk in in lingerie. And as he's dreaming he looks up and I walk over to him, and I get down on my knees and lick my lips. And then all of a sudden, it's his point of view, and I'm this demon, and I've got these terrible teeth, and I say some stupid line like, "I'm gonna rip off your gender!" And the director's saying, "Okay now, I really want you to be scared, I really want you to believe that she's





ripping off your crotch, right now, I really want you to believe that!" And I told the guy, "I'm gonna act like I am ripping you apart!" And I'm making all these growling noises, and I'm grabbing him and I'm shaking him, and he was so shocked at the way I went from this sexy thing to this thing ripping out his crotch, that he just freaked out!

And that's what's funny, because sometimes the directors will have you do things that your co-star really doesn't know anything about. In *EVIL THINGS*, I played Dick Miller's wife, and they were shooting him first and I was reading my lines off-camera, and I showed him my breasts and he was not expecting it. Fred asked me to: "Okay, go ahead, really show 'em to him, I really want to get a good reaction out of 'em!" The guy had no idea. Directors do this kind of stuff, and it's almost not fair. But that's what makes the work fun. It's the unexpected things that really make the movie come alive. ☛

FANTASY GIRL

DISCOVERY

Julie Wallace:

Refreshing as a Mountain Stream.

Julie Wallace says, "You can find me in the great outdoors, climbing a snowcapped mountain or exploring its secret, mysterious caves. I'm right at home on a tropical beach or in a cold mountain stream."

She grew up in Parkersburg, West Virginia, where she sang soprano in a touring chamber music choir, began modeling for local stores, and was soon signed by a major New York agency. Maybe you've spotted her in ads for Gilda Marx swimwear, Omega Windows, SHUTTERBUG magazine or Tudor's Break World. In any case, if you've seen her biscuits, you'll love seeing her buns.

After scooping her in one of her numerous TV commercials, *SQL* staff photographer Bill Suttie chose her as one of *Imagino's* Fantasy Girls. And she has also been cast in *DARK FANTASY*, a thriller to be directed by John Russo.





Height: 5'7"
Weight: 113
Bust/Waist/Hips: 34/24/34
Hair: Blonde
Eyes: Blue





Beyond this Earth

THE NEWEST LOOK AT UFO SIGHTINGS

Independent-International's Sam Sherman and Al Adamson team up again for the strangest film in their company's long history!

Starting in 1966, Independent-International Pictures set out on a course which led the company to the upper ranks of drive-in movie makers and distributors. Their films, such as **DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN**, **NURSE SHERRI**, **FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR**, and **JOHN RUSO'S MIDNIGHT**, were the type of fare that **conner audiences** were primed for. Today that type of product is usually made for home video, while in theaters the major studios dish out fright and gore with elaborate special effects that only big money can provide.

Starting a new project in late 1993, IIP's Sam Sherman rekindled his earlier interest in films about UFOs. In 1963 in New York City (of all places), Sherman had spotted what the Air Force intelligence people call an "Aerobation Aerial Object" at two A.M. on the morning. This object hovered and whizzed relentlessly in one spot for several hours, into the early morning. Sherman describes it as a lighted object, "very typical flying saucer," with red strobing illumination around the outer perimeter. A longtime photographer, he took stills of the object and shot film footage of it to boot. For his trouble, he was subjected to ridicule and verbal abuse by both "official" and "academic" sources.

The above incident took place a year before Sherman set out for Hollywood, where he met silent-screen pioneer director **Dennis DaRon** and DaRon's son, **Al Adamson**. "I was trying to carve out a career in the film industry," Sherman says, "and I didn't want to be labeled a nut, so I put my UFO photos and film away for thirty years, planning someday to do a movie about the subject, when the right time came. And now that time has come."

He assembled a production team comprised of capable people with diverse backgrounds. Since the film was envisioned as a documentary feature for theatrical release, IIP's Al Adamson was set to direct all of the remountings of true-life UFO events. As things turned out, Adamson was also pressed into service to cover some documentary sequences. Writer-researcher Tim Ferrante was signed to head the main production and research unit with Scott Hennelly as associate producer and location cameraman. Tom Baimore became the Texas unit producer, and Cory Goryak doubled as a special-effects expert and documentary director/ cameraman. Jon Padile was signed to build and operate miniatures, while from the NBC came former on-air reporter Jeopie Durnes as field reporter and on-camera interviewer.

Sam Sherman was reunited with yet another old friend and collaborator when Russ Jones came on board as West Coast producer/writer. The two had known each other back in the 1960's when they both edited magazines for Jan Warner's Warner Publishing. Since that time, Jones, the writer-illustrator who had created **CREEPY** and **ELITE** in addition to many books and screenplays, had been working mainly in England.

With a solid production team in place, IIP started production in Texas, Virginia, New Jersey and Italy.

Moving on to Australia, Al Adamson helped five segments based on striking real-life cases from that country. During production, the film crews began making startling discoveries that caused the film to evolve far beyond its pre-scripted sequences. Sam Sherman says, "Since many of the people on our staff had been involved with horror and sci-fi, both in films and in print, the high strangeness of the UFO and alien intelligence subject matter didn't scare them. And I suspect that when the reality of some of these events becomes public knowledge, it will be the highly educated horror and sci-fi fans who will respond in a sane and healthy way, while the so-called 'normal' people are in turmoil. And that day may be coming sooner than any of us think."

As producer of **BEYOND THIS EARTH**, Sam Sherman has had to coordinate with filming all over the globe and integrate the results with research information and archival footage. After many months on the project, he has come to feel that eighty percent of what has been heard by the public concerning UFOs is **hurry or deliberate misinformation**. His job has been to distill the twenty percent of real information, and to set high standards of credibility for all material to be included in the finished movie.

A high point was when Academy Award winning director Robert Wise agreed to help with the project. Wise revealed that there was a connection between his classic, **THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL** (1951), and real UFO events, and he agreed to appear on-camera to talk about it.

Another high point occurred on July 5, 1993, when Operation Right to Know, headed by Elaine Douglass, was running a demonstration at the

continued on next page

White House, demanding that the government tell people "the truth" about UFO crashes and discoveries of alien bodies. EP's cameras were there to film the demonstration, along with the major networks. A concerned woman saw the protest on CNN and got in touch with Operation Right to Know's Don Ratzsch. When Ratzsch heard what the woman had to say, he immediately phoned Sam Sherman, who had stated that his company would send a film crew anywhere in the world to cover a fast-breaking real-life UFO event.

Such an event was taking place in California's Napa Valley area. Strange objects reportedly were flying over wilderness land and suburban homes, and were landing and emerging from large bodies of water. Ram Jones, Jacqui Durre and a full production crew researched and covered these events, and feared them to be credible. Suddenly there was less joking among the filmmakers about "little green men" and so on, and a more serious tone began to take shape. Sam Sherman says, "I suggested to Ram Jones that we find a navy pilot and send up an airplane to try to get UFOs on film, so the Air Force was reputed to have done for

Below: UFOs down under? An Australian family games in one of a craft landing. Right: This illustration by John Gaudiosi replicates eyewitness descriptions of extra-terrestrials.



over forty years. Jacqui Durren found a commercial airline pilot named Bob Campbell, who had specialized in filming from the air. He had had a near mid-air collision with UFOs several years before, so he knew they were a real, if unexplainable, phenomenon."

Sherman and Campbell were aided by Lt. Colonel Wendell Stevens (retired), formerly of Air Force Intelligence. Col. Stevens had headed the Air Force photo-reconnaissance group in Alaska in the early 1950's. His planes pursued "flying saucers" all over the Northern latitudes, from Alaska to the Arctic, getting them on highly classified film. He came to *BEYOND THIS EARTH* to talk about the subject of UFOs on screen, and to advise pilot Campbell on how to deal with the unearthly craft that he might encounter in the air. Campbell's plane headed skyward and all working on this mission wondered if he would see and photograph anything. The setting soon made the plane a small silhouette in the sky as darkness descended.

At first Campbell was able to photograph all sorts of mysterious land masses—but no UFOs. Then suddenly appeared, in front of him, four lighted, streaking objects flying at high speed in formation! Could he swing his robot camera around in time to photograph them before they zipped away into infinity? Yes, he could—and he did!

"UF had performed a first," enthuses Sam Sherman. "This is the first time a non-military plane has gone up to pursue and photograph craft that might be from other worlds, and has come back with results!"

That's not all, according to Sherman. Throughout the night, Russ Jones, Jacqui Durren, Cory Geryak and their crew were on top of a mountain filming strange illuminated craft doing aerial maneuvers that even our top-secret military craft can't match. "Our footage has been optically enlarged and slowed down and examined by skilled scientists," Sherman says. "It demonstrates some of the strangest sights ever seen over this planet."



Above: The UF crew went on airplanes into the sky to capture the first civilian motion picture footage of UFOs from the air. Right: Screen Queens in the making. Steven Ashlock stars in UF's reenactment of a woman attacked by aliens.



You can see it all in *BEYOND THIS EARTH*. The movie is a combination of actual current events, interviews with key observers and commentators, and reenactments of episodes such as a UFO crash in Texas and a plane captured by a UFO in Australia. A screen queen in the making, Steven Ashlock, is featured in the controversial story of a woman who claimed actual contact and harm at the hands of alien beings. A variety of special visual and digital effects have been employed in the reenactment scenes.

In production for over a year, the project has produced so much material that it has spawned its own

sequel, to be called *FROM OTHER WORLDS*. Sam Sherman states "What we have learned is both amazing and true. There are beings from other worlds on our planet. We will be showing a great deal about this in *BEYOND THIS EARTH*. Those who find the subject too intimidating should just tell themselves it's just another UF flick like *THE HOUR OF THE BLOOD MONSTERS*, if UF makes them feel better." ☛

COMPETITION

FREE

**TO ENTER
COMPETITION**

**TOO GOOD
TO MISS!**

The brand new video release *TOO BEAUTIFUL TO DIE* has been described by more knowledgeable souls than us as 'Probably the most stylish thriller of the decade' (Come on people, isn't it a teeny bit early to make that claim?). One thing's for sure, and that is there are some really horny chucks on view in this one, which is why we have joined forces with the generous folks at Coloursbox to give you the chance to win a copy. It's set in the high-gloss world of fashion modelling and opens with a steamy photographic shoot in which the girls all dance round a studio waterfall, losing their clothes as they go. Nice work if you can get it, you might think. But at a party after the shoot, one of the girls is raped and ultimately murdered. Her friends Lauren, Michelle and Lesley are now prime suspects and witnesses to the crime, and one by one they too are destined to become victims. In the meantime the police are trying to sift their way through more red herrings than you will find in your average Moscow fish store. Time is running out, and the killer is still on the loose. The mystery must be solved before it is too late!



Our critic-in-residence Tom Pepps says, "This movie is highly reminiscent of the work of the great Italian horror stylist Mario Bava, who tackled the same kind of story way back in 1962 in the erotic thriller *Blood and Black Lace*. As in the Bava movie there is little point in trying to unravel the mystery yourself, because the clues aren't really there to do so. Instead, just settle back and enjoy the glossy pop-up video style camerawork, the truly gorgeous girls and some expertly edited murder sequences. The futuristic costumes are great also, and the soundtrack contains hits by Huey Lewis and the News, Frankie Goes to Hollywood and Bryan Ferry."

We have five copies to give away, and all you have to do to win one is come up with a caption for the above picture which will make us laugh. Entries on a postcard please, to: Scream Queens, Stray Cat Publishing Ltd, PO Box 146, Plymouth PL1 1AX.



In the 50s/60s, the Brigitte called Bardot opened the censored door of censored. In the 70s/80s, another dusky Brigitte busted the door – by going down on it! She's the first – the only true blue star of French porno. In four years, she made 47 films, for example *I'm Not Everyman*, *I'm A Sensual Girl*, *Wanted: Sex Slave For Couple*, *Couples On Heat*, *Hot Escalator*, *Hot Parties*, *Porno Escapes*, *Fascination*, *Vibrations*, *Between My Thighs*, *Come – I Like It ... even Don't Touch My Wily!*

Her name on the credits (no names or photos allowed on French porn posters) was a quality-control guarantee of explicit sex at its homely hottest. Since she quit, French porno has tumbled downhill – cinemas closing up, yesterday's hits on cassette while today's films become amateur throwbacks to porno origins, just fucking without pretence of storyline.

Brigitte Lahaie, though, has become an even bigger star.

Her autobiography is a best-seller. She has a disc in the charts, an album around the corner. She makes three-to-four straight movies a year – after a period when nobody would touch her until realising the heavy-bodied girl meant well, had studied drama, music, song, dance and could act. Her latest hit is a short – a complete copy of the *Rainie II* trailer, examining Brigitte's crusades as a gun-toting nun. *Trance II: The Mission*. People think it's a trailer and are demanding to see the full film!

There is a much lesser porno starlet now heading a top French rock group, another had dabbled in straight TV work – announcing the commercial breaks! But Brigitte Lahaie (sometimes Lahaie) is the only global-blues queen to successfully cross over to the straight world. Indeed, most recent cross-overs go in the opposite direction.

Far more successful than America's Marilyn Chambers, Brigitte was in *Erin*, worked with Yves Montand and Alain Delon – who directed her in a cop movie: "Montand never knew of me, Delon did and said it didn't matter." Plus various Jean France



THE OTHER BRIGITTE...

Maybe she isn't quite as internationally famous as Bardot, but Brigitte Lahaie has come a long way, in both senses.

She also gives a good interview, being blisteringly frank by nature. TONY CRAWLEY discovered this along the way.

adventures with Robert Mitchum's son Chris – an increasingly loud voice in the affairs of America's Screen Actor's Guild. So you can be sure he knows who he's working with.

Royally praised for her book *Love* was even invited on the top intellectual TV book show, normally reserved for Solzhenitsyn, Maier, Fowler and French Academicians. Brigitte's honesty is among her greatest gifts. Of course, it would be silly hiding her duck 'n' sack past by taking a new name (she tried that and gave it up), because everyone knows her in France. "I was a star for them – not for me!" Her career hasn't affected her mind, nor her sumptuous body. Although she



doesn't talk dirty like America's hard-core, she hides nothing as we sit in her sunny apartment as

Neatly-cut-Sonne, beneath a huge nude painting of her with a large dog. The actual dog lay on her bed, eyeing me warily...

What attracted me to the speed of your career. My first career, you mean.

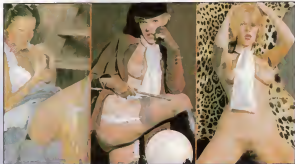
Because my new one took forever – to get started. Right – your porno career. I never liked this word porno. I use it, but I prefer porno-erotic – or better still being introduced on TV as a star of films de charme! But those you were, a good little

girl from Lyon. Roman Catholic. Good, solid bourgeois parents. Ashamed of your big tits. No confessions of masturbation, although finding belts-rules excited you. Giving your virginity to Serge at 17. Moving to Paris at 18, with your mates. Working in a ribot shop. Getting a fuck-film job – not knowing what kind of film it was – not even having seen a porno-erotic film. And bang! You strip off, open your legs and screw happily on camera. The surprise is that you did it.

You have understood all the book, I think! I answered a newspaper advertisement from an agency finding girls for pornographic movies – of course, I didn't know that then. I met a director I had to undress for him. He asked if I could do that kind of movie. I was surprised, but not shocked. It was... rather funny!

You hadn't even passed naked for Razzle or any other magazine then. The director says, "Now a man is going to fuck you." – I would've thought the nice little Lyonnais with big tits would have fluff! Why weren't you shocked?

Well, it was a little shock. Not enough to make me run. It was an opportunity to do something different – that's important for me





Of course, if Federico had found me, I might've had a different career.

Maybe not... But there you are, first film and you're told to fuck the camera and go to sleep.

That's my personality. That's why I did this job very well. If that's what they wanted me to do – or not! OK! For me, it was natural not immoral. I was very, very naive! It was my opportunity. Finally, to like myself. It was my subconscious which decided this was the right work for me. Because in a short time I discovered a lot of things about love.

For the porno posters, producers, you were fresh meat. What did you get from that first experience?

Oh, it was wonderful to discover that I could excite a man. Me! Just me! That was the great challenge for me. Because I was sure I was ugly. Not true! But something I really believed. Also, I think I was exhibitionistic. Very free. So to make that film was not bad. It was even fun!

Most porno girls are porno exhibitionists. You didn't feel out of it, as your hard core fans were being excited and they were off to a career – and so the cycle of life.



people watching on the set.

I think the camera, the mirror and all the people were important to me. I suppose I knew I was always exhibitionistic... just didn't realise it until then. For me, it was all very natural – yet I was a little disappointed by that first film in Normandy. I did another one or three – then came the shock. I stopped for two months. Maybe it was "wrong" after all. I talked about it to my sister. She said I should continue. But it was a decision made with my own

hands. I wasn't pressured into it. I can't do something I don't want to do. An easy decision. And lucky I met Francis Leroi, who suggested I turn blonde. My real colour is like you.

Cory?

Laughed. No, I was brown then. Fair or blonde is better for me. But while most porno producers you were changed your name? Not really. My real name is Flemish. Very difficult for the secret, she declines to spell it – something like Vanheugen? I



I think, both. We came together. Didn't you thought? If the audience likes me, it's because there's something naive, vulnerable about me – the other me. I'm the eyes of one and the body of the one on the screen. Some body – the most magnificent of Euro-porno! Yet dumb *Egon* kids called you names because of your big tits. Are big boobs a feminist tradition?

My mother, yes. My sister, no. My two brothers never mentioned them, although they seemed to like big breasts. I found their copy of *Los* magazine once. My brothers were strange for me – they still are! I see them sometimes, but we don't speak. They've never mentioned my films, either. Oh, not until the book. That's changed everything – because people didn't really know me. They knew my name. They saw my films. But they didn't know me or, what they thought they knew about me was not correct.

how close they came to it? And your tits.

The majority were all right but there were some who loved it. When I was at their feet, because

they could see down my shirt to my breasts. They liked it also when I had to touch their ankles. They'd spend hours with me, trying on shoes galore. But they always brought one pair – sometimes two or three! That was my introduction to Paris. I just think I turned them on. I had better breasts than

They still look splendid – why, what have you done to 'em?

I seem to have lessened them a little – yes? I don't know why. Certainly not surgery. Maybe it's because I ride horses so often. But now I'm much slimmer in my bosom. It's like the difference between Marlene Dietrich in *The Blue Angel* – and her later films. She's not the same woman. I know a girl who hated her big tits and had 'em made smaller. That's stupid. If she's happier that's fine. I'm not like her. I wouldn't do anything like that. I'm just

Ample, as a n English say. And 47 years, that's what five are acts per movie – 335 public fucks – doesn't seem to have affected you badly.

Because my life is tranquil. I sleep

a lot. I don't think much. I eat sufficiently. I'm happy. All's well, maybe I have some scars. They're not getting smaller, they remain with me – bad memories, bad moments – but now I can deal with them. You can't make these pictures for four years – and not have some scars. But all adventures are like that. My philosophy is mistakes make experiences.

Your mother said "Oh my poor Brigitte, I hope you'll never regret your career."

I haven't. I'll be drunk with you. I've never regretted my hardcore movies but sometimes I regret the pornos.

(Translation: a porno is an orgy.) There's quite an orgy around in France. Lots of famous names at 'em – ever recognise anyone?

Yes, of course! Celebrities. From politics. Some actors, directors, too – that didn't surprise me. It was very difficult to surprise me. It was very difficult to surprise me at that epoch. Oh yes, and a lot of writers – they were the majority.

Oh really? Nobody writes me? Why did they write you – you were unknown when you began –

I was shooting porno-movies, so I couldn't refuse a porno. Well, I could... of course I could. But it's done now. I that went to one the same day as I started my first porno-ecote movie – February 6, 1958. I continued because my boyfriend was very excited by that. I think people go to pornos to live out their fantasies.

You went out of love?

Yes, during three years I did it for Philippe. I met him in a porno! So that's a delicate gesture.

True love – or was sex a drug for you then?

None of a compulsion. Sex was never a drug for me. Maybe for him. I think I loved him. I think he loved me. But he liked to suffer like that. He would just be watching. And for him it was a surprise. *passions* (orgasmic pleasure).

He never participated?

Oh, no, no! He just watched... sometimes we'd have a dinner at home with a couple – that'd be my idea. After dinner, the man was for me – because I wanted him. But that's not a porno – that's *Caribou*!

Exactly! I'd be with the man, Philippe with the girl. But he didn't like that, it was not exciting for him. He needed to see me being taken by men. Not angry but some. Some women like actresses because they can make love with a lot of men. *What is a lot of men?*

Ten or twenty – maybe more. How different are such scenes from porno film-action? Less structured... more fun?

It's another case-scene. Really different. To tell you the truth, it was pleasant at the beginning. Impressive! At first, I went with my sister. Out of curiosity just to experience it! Then, because of my boyfriend, I soon got tired of it. Too much? OK, I accepted it. But they're not good memories. Now I regret it.

Why – exactly?

Because it was a privilege (a waste) giving myself to so many people. I didn't know, much less care for. Only at the last Cannes Festival, I met somebody who said "Hello Brigitte – don't you remember me?" No. ' He made it clear he'd had me at a *parade*. That's why I regret them. A lot of men made love with me. They were not my decision, not my

choice. Oh, I can sleep – but it's something I don't like to remember or talk about.

*Were you the star at *expos* because you were the big porno star?*

I think I was the most beautiful woman at them.

She said modestly.

No, it's true! Genetically the women are not that beautiful.

Back to your hard-core movies – were you regretted them?

Just a bit when I was *deux* in *trou* (in the hole, unemployed) from '82 to '85. If then I'd been a young actress with nothing behind me, no past... it would've been easier. Except I'm sure it was a good way for me. *C'est une expérience formative!* I learned a lot of things. About careers, film technique, how to best make use of my personality, to be... er...

Say it in French, if you like.

(Laughs). I don't know how to say it in French either. Basically, to be free, to use my own personality. Even being *deux* is *trou* was good for me. For an actress, it's important to have suffered, any experience is a good experience – you can use it later in work. The films also taught me a lot about sex.

About sex? You said porno for you "about love". But in Sennett's it's the same. Love, sex – where's the difference? It's like erotic and porno movies, soft and hard, where's the difference?

You can do a lot of sex with love and you can do a lot of love without sex. I learned about both. How did your parents find out about your career? – from noisy neighbors? *person-pas letter?*

Oh, no, I told them the truth. Six months from the first movie, about six months later. It wasn't easy but better they heard it from me. My mother, being a woman, understood – in her way. Your father said never darken his doorstep again?

(Laughs). Almost. I think he accepted it, when he realized how much money I could earn at that kind of work. He's a banker. He knows about money. With him, it all comes down to money!

You look happy – I'm always scared of not being loved. "Porno was, perhaps

...my way to get love? Maybe, I now know that I'm lovable, that men will really love me. Yet I'm still insecure – all the normal human complexes.

To be continued



SEXY SHOCKERS

The horror and sexy film genres are among the most enduringly popular forms of screen entertainment. Audiences may lose interest in war films, Westerns, comedies and romances, but it seems they will always enjoy being scared or titillated in the comfort of their armchair or cinema seat. Nowadays, it is quite common to find the elements of erotica used as the seasoning for horrific tales of things that go bump (or should that be bang?) in the night, because film-makers have realised, quite rightly, that if each genre is as popular then the potent combination of the two – spine-tingling shocks and girls without heads – is likely to tug the bells at the box-office.

Sexy nights started appearing amid the blood and gore in the early '70s when Hammer films started on Rings For The Mummies and cast the voluptuous Ingrid Pitt in the role of a lesbian lady vampire who sank her teeth into tender parts on the feasting anatomies of Katie O'Mara and Madeline Smith. The movie was *The Vampire Lovers* and the plot had the lovely Ingrid working her way into the noble household of posh, accredited George Cole. This was in the days before he became famous as *Monty Python's* Arthur, and, as for indoors would certainly have been frowned upon, the scratches here: there was much sexual activity mixed in with the traditional Hammer bloodletting, and more of the script had Brian Stoker portraits clutching their crucifixes. In the end it's the traditional method that gets rid of the miserable vampires

This issue sees the start of our sexy shockers feature. We'll be taking a look at one of the most popular forms of movie entertainment – sex and horror combined

– a stake through the chest – I mean, heart!

The lovely Ingrid Pitt also turned up wearing little more than a cheeky smile in *Countess Dracula* (1971 – available on video from The Video Collection). This time she wasn't a vampire in the conventional sense, but played the infamous Countess Elizabeth Bathory, who murdered youthful by bathing in the blood of slaughtered virgins. Unfortunately for her, virgins were just as hard to come by in those days as

they are now, and when her supply ran out she resorted to her true and hideous self.

A strong undercurrent of sexuality has always pervaded the vampire movie sub-genre. Even in the 1940s when Bela Lugosi discreetly drew his fangs across his victims before giving them a nip in the (supple) the bloodsucking count's victims were seen to be under a feverish-like sexual spell – drawn like moths to a flame by Drac's deadly seduction. The popularity of the late-day Hammer vampire movies hinged mostly around *Christopher Lee's* magnetic portrait of the count as a character who was irresistible to women. The porno industry also tuned in on this with *Dracula Sucks*, a bizarre and effort (available on the Video Blue label) featuring James Fawcett as a well-endowed, as dead stud who sheds more than the blood when he puts the stake on a pair of noble lesbian nudes.

In *Just The Vampire Lovers*, girls were usually relegated to the background in horror films. Afterwards, they were upfront in more or less than one. Most of the





Horror Heroes of the 70s contained considerable kingly making, most of it gratuitous to the main plotting. One instance in which it was cleverly incorporated was in *Dr Jekyll and Steve Hyde* (1971 – Warner Home Video). This was a cunning reworking of the classic Robert Louis Stevenson story in which the good Doctor Jekyll (played here by regular Hammer star **Ralph Bates**) turns into an evil woman instead of an evil man. When he first changes into the voluptuous **Marianne Beswick** (who does bear some facial resemblance to Bates) the gal begins to undress herself to maximize her new body – much to the audience's delight!

The sexiest of all British horror movies must be the remarkably erotic *Visions* (Rank), which was made in 1974 by the Spanish purveyor **Josep Lluís**. The film was subtitled 'Most Unnatural Ladies', and detailed the exploits of Fran and Marion (**Marianne Morris** and **Anakka**),

two girls who could probably grace Page Three of the *Globe and Mail*. In the opening scenes we see them cowering in the bedrooms of an old manor house. They are shot dead by an unknown assailant (the censor perhaps?), only to return as sexy vampires who leave their graves at night to lure victims back to their crumbling old mansion for the sort of drinking session that usually proves fatal to the unwitting guest.

Ex-*Blade* model girl **Marianne Morris** and **Annela** look stunning, and it's easy to see why they don't have much trouble finding donors. When they get hold of them they usually engage in hectic bouts of sexual activity before slitting their throats or wrists and lapping the blood from the wound. It's very handy stuff indeed, and *Larnau* captures some startling images, such as the moment when one vampire girl presses her gagged partner from the drained body of her lover to totter toward the cellar and safety from the impending daylight. If blood could give you a hangover then she would need a whole bottle of aspirin!

The liberated ladies of *Hungry* are symptomatic of the direction the horror movie genre was taking. The traditional movie monsters were coming out of the

closet at last. Many an unsavory-looking creature had, in the past, walked off with the scantily-clad because only to discover he didn't quite know what to do with his prize afterwards. Before he could consult any biology books or an Anne Summers sex manual, the square-jawed hero was usually on the spot with half the U.S. Army to wipe him off the face of the earth. Life as a monster was no fun at all!

The new, sexy monster was a totally different breed. He didn't mind putting himself about a bit, didn't want a meaningless relationship and if he kidnapped a half-dressed beauty then you could bet that he would not accept she had a headache. An example of this new kind of lecherous creature can be found in the film, *Monster* (Warner Home Video), whose title characters look a bit like *The Creature From The Black Lagoon*, but act in a far less gentlemanly fashion. They come out of the sea and immediately start ripping the clothes off pretty actresses in the nearby vicinity. Prudish good guy **Doug McClure** eventually finds a way to stop this sexual carnage – but not before there are a number of monsters wandering around with silly grins on

their faces. This fast-paced yarn was, surprisingly, directed by a woman (**Barbara Peeters**), a fact that defused a lot of the tension it got from women's lib groups in America.

Sex and horror are very closely intertwined in the work of Canadian film-maker **David Cronenberg**, whose first commercial feature, *Shivers*, opens with a shocking scene in which a decremented doctor slits his girlfriend's stomach open and poors acid into it – seems a bit drastic for a bout of indigestion! Believe it or not it gets worse after that with the sterile apartment complex that the dotty doc lives in becoming a breeding ground for a new kind of sexual parasite – a slug-like creature that infects its victims with a murderous sex-drive. In the film's most memorable sequence we see **Barbara Steele**, the erstwhile queen of Italian horror movies (once described by a perceptive critic as "the only girl in films whose eyebrows can graze") taking a bath, unaware that a parasite has slipped in under cover of the Radio. I won't describe how it invades her body, but it's a miracle that the special-effects man didn't go blind! For his next movie, Cronenberg employed an actress better known for her athletic performances in





porn movies. Marilyn Chambers starred as a young woman seriously injured in a motorcycle accident who develops a disgusting phallic-shaped organ under her armpit in Cronenberg's *Robt*. The diseased vampire organ touches off an epidemic that spreads across the city of Montreal and the movie neatly mixes sex and violence on its way to a harrowing climax in which our heroine is cured by the sort of treatment you would not want to get on the National Health.

Though he has now moved into the mainstream, Cronenberg's work continues to be overtly sexual, and still preoccupied with horrible things happening to the human body — witness his recent remake of *The Fly*, and the startlingly original *Dead Ringers* (in which Jeremy Irons plays disturbed Siamese twins). Unfortunately, few other modern-day film-makers working in the horror genre display the same style. Nowadays, the most successful horror movies seem to be those in the highly predictable 'walk and slash' vein — which involved unscopable insurance clerks empty-headed teens around with the intent of spooking them with barely household objects.

The horror doing the stalking in such films usually has very little motive for his homicidal actions other than the fact





that he obviously doesn't like seeing high-school kids engaging in any kind of promiscuous activity - and since that's all that kids in these sort of movies ever seem to be doing he has no shortage of potential victims. In *Friday the 13th* (Omar) for example, which is admittedly the best of the bunch, most of the cast get slaughtered while getting up to such innocent antics as playing 'Son of Monopoly' or testing the mattresses in the beds of the cruder summer resort known as Camp Crystal Lake. One unfortunate couple are put on the point of consummating their union when the killer enters and spears them both through like a shish-kebab - what a blow, coming and going at the same time!

More pretty girls are menaced by a madman in *Three*, and the Italian makers of this bloodthirsty sex and violence piece had most of the victims stripped down to their unders before succumbing to the chaotic attack of hooded rapist killer John Richardson. 'Every torso is exposed' ran the subtle American advertising campaign, and nobody was admitted during the last ten minutes of the film - those who sat through it from the beginning wished that the rule had stretched to the entire running time!

Similar in many ways was the infamous show 'it' disc epic, *Piranha*, which had the late Christopher George investigating a series of brutal murders in an American college. The psychotic mind at work here is obviously the scriptwriter, because none of the plot makes any sense at all and the film is littered with unintentional humour. A scene in which the killer gets into a lift with an intended victim, casually concealing a chainsaw behind his back does stretch belief a little!

Good or bad though, the sexy horror movie is here to stay, and in many ways it is a good thing. In the majority of low-grade horror pics being churned out nowadays, it is only the odd glimpse of attractive female nudity that keeps the male viewer awake, and his mind off the stupidity of the plotting. And if your wife or girlfriend catches you ogling the more *post-nude* attributes of the anonymous actress melting like butter under the attack of a long-toothed *Dracula*, you can explain that it's a horror film you're watching - and the only reason your eyes are out on stalks is because of the incredible special effects!

Next month we'll continue in the same regular vein with a look at some *disco-core* horror movie heroines and a discussion on the deeper intellectual meaning of Hollywood's *Chastity* fixation.

Carry on screaming!



IMAGINEWS

Photo by Jay C. Gault



Ava Cadell and Veronica Hart are publishing **THE LITTLE RED BOOK**, a hot new diary and nationwide directory all rolled into one. They say it's for "sexy people" who may find their selves in an unfamiliar town for a sleepover or vacation and want to "uncover the hot spots." If you're willing to give them the inside scoop on your town, they'd love to hear from you. Write them to receive a questionnaire: **THE LITTLE RED BOOK**, 11825 Voss Street, North Hollywood, CA 91605

Sensuous sweethearts Jennifer Worthington and Colleen Van Eyn star in **NIGHT OF THE CAT**, an erotic featurette written and directed by Jay Lind. Keep your eyes peeled for the luscious pictorial in your next issue at **SGL**. (Photo by A.J. Ryan)



Photo by Jay C. Gault

Hotter than Blazin': That's what you'll say about **Imagine's FANTASY GIRLS VOLUME II** trading cards! Here's a peek at one of the featured lovelies, 23-year-old Gloria Gilbert, all dressed up to light your fire.



Photo by Jay C. Gault

A quintet of Screen Queens that would embelish any king's court helped promote the premiere issue of *SQJ* at Kevin Clement's Chiller Theater Convention in New Jersey over Halloween weekend. Left to right, they are Wendy McDonald, Rita Coyne, Melissa Moore, Debra Lamb and Monique Gabriela, who graces this current issue as our lovely cover girl.



Be on the lookout for lovely new faces (and bods!) in Imagene, Inc.'s *SCREAM QUEENS* trading cards, Volume IV. One of them will be Julie Strain, who starred in *THE TO KILL* and *MIRROR IMAGES*, and was the body double for Geena Davis in *THELMA AND LOUISE*. Another will be beautiful Julia Parson who had lead roles in *GOOD GIRLS DON'T* and *VICE ACADEMY III* and was also featured in *REFORM SCHOOL GIRLS* and *ROXBURY BEACH HOTEL*.



Chosen from over 300 women, actress/model Alison Woodward will portray the femme succubus Ramona in the soon to be released anthology, *GROULISH GOODIES FOR ROTTEN APPLES — HORROR DANCING ON THE EDGE OF THAT SCATTERED GRAY MATTER*. Written and created by Al Ryan and edited by John Clark, the comic includes a guest appearance by Brinke Stevens.



John Jones, of Sherman Oaks, CA, owns and operates CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT, a company specializing in customized SKULlptures guaranteed to amuse you and your friends. If you are interested in ordering one of John's GREAT products, check out his ad elsewhere in this magazine.



Larissa Quigley's campy erotic photo book, *SEEN*, delightfully previewed in our premiere issue, has now been published. You can have your own private copy, hot off the press, by sending \$30.00 plus \$3.50 to cover postage and handling to: (3609 Victory Blvd, Suite 407, Van Nuys, CA 91411).



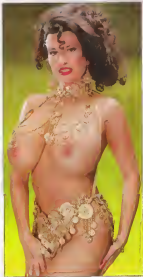
If you have a photo or press release that you would like to share with our readers, please mail them (with any applicable model releases and photographer credits) to us at: **Scream Queens Illustrated**, Stray Cat Publishing Ltd, P.O. Box 144, Plymouth, Devon PL1 1AX.

ZORINA

Magic from the Sky

Zorina Drenova is a skydiver, an actress, a dancer and a magician. She just finished starring in *FATAL FLESH*, a suspense thriller by Turner Vision Films. She's also been in *BLOW OUT*, *THE POPE OF GREENWICH VILLAGE* and several of the *ROCKY* sequels.

She has appeared in cover and centerfold layouts for all the top men's magazines including *GENT*, *HUSTLER* and *PENTHOUSE*. She frequents the talk show circuit, guesting for *SALLY JESSY RAPHAEL*, *JOAN RIVERS*, *JACKIE MASON*, *MONTEL WILLIAMS*, *JANIE WHITNEY* and *HOWARD STERN*.



A magician and illusionist, she puts on a dazzling stage show, highlighting the funniest figures that win her the titles Miss Platino (Doll), Miss Venus and Miss Playground Atlantic City.

Asked what gave her the desire to be an entertainer, she says: "When I was very young, my sister and I used to watch Dr. Shock on television on Saturday afternoons, and I loved all the old horror movies he would show. We'd try to recreate the things we saw, like the Five-Fingered Beast — I'd grab my mother's gloves and stuff it with cotton and tie it on a string and drag it over the floor trying to scare people by making them think it was alive."

In high school she studied drafting, advertising and business management, but also took courses in fashion. When she was fourteen, she was signed by a modeling agency but got tired of waiting for them to land her jobs, so she started putting on her own shows. "I got impatient, and if things weren't happening I go out and make them happen — it's just the way I've always been. I'd find a store that was willing to let me use their business space, then I'd find a nightclub that would let me hold the show on their stage, and then I'd hire friends of mine from modeling school."

When Zoryna was sixteen, in Millford, Connecticut, she worked three jobs at the mall to help support her own production of THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW. She played "Frankenfurter" and also produced and directed. "I wasn't making any money," she laughs. "I just did it for the love of it. To help pay the bills, I got the idea of selling ROCKY HORROR buttons and bumper stickers. And I wanted to help our production, using the school stage over the summer, but the school board got all hard on it and sheaps and wouldn't let me do it because they said ROCKY HORROR was banned."

Zoryna's next adventure was to become a private detective. "I found that it was a form of acting. You get thrown into situations where you have to meet people and play convincing roles to get information out of them. On one case, I had to go undercover on a guy who was collecting money from the state because of an on-the-job accident. I wasn't undercover to begin with — at first we were just doing a straight interview, but he took a liking to me, and my boss decided to send me back as an someone else, so that maybe I

could find out things about this guy." The state promised they weren't going to fire him, they just wanted to find out if the alcoholism had caused the accident, because he was a good employee otherwise, and they wanted to keep him if he would go into rehab. "I couldn't let him know it was me, yet he had already met me, so I had to wear a wig and dress completely different. It was my first really big do-it-or-die acting scene."

After the private-eye stint, Zoryna started her own dance agency. She wasn't a total success, she had been taking dancing lessons ever since she was three years old. "I'm going crazy! I'll be a



whole," she says. "But even if it got to be frustrating, I decided I'd either be a feature dancer myself instead of having to deal with a hundred girls who didn't show up half the time and changed their addresses every other week. It was a way for me to be in the entertainment field, meet influential people, and make a good living."

Faced with the problem of making her act stand out above all the others, Zoryna turned toward magic. "My mother Mark and Dolly were a magic team in the late twenties, and I would be with them a lot as a kid and was always interested in how they did their tricks, but they would

never tell. I used to buy my own little magic kit and try to do what they did. And then, after I became a feature dancer, I started to ask myself how I could make my act unique — and I decided I'd do it through magic. The fans want excitement and showmanship, not just pretty women who get up on stage and don't do much of anything."

Her favorite illusion is the "geometric box." In her parties and G-string, she goes into the box, and then four large geometrically shaped objects are pushed in, so that there would logically be no room for anything else. Opening one door at a time, her assistant pulls out one of Zoryna's gowns, a coat, a bra, etc. But when all the doors are opened the box is empty. "The gown," says Zoryna, "and nobody can figure out where I went. Then all the shapes are taken out, and the doors are opened again, and I reappear. If the club allows toplessness, then I'll be topless, and if not, I won't be. Lots of women come to see my show, not just men. They've heard about my show, or they've seen me on TV, and now they want to see me in person. And I give them their money's worth. I try to get across the fact that there's a lot more to me than just the way I look."

An accomplished sky diver, Zoryna sometimes parachutes into towns to publicize her movies, her videos or her nightclub act. In addition to magic, the act also features her impressions of famous men such as Dolly Parton, Cher, Prince, Jack Jackson and Madonna.

She has also gained a great deal of notoriety due to her frequent appearances on the Howard Stern show. Asked about this, she says, "I met Howard Stern when I attended one of his Superbowl parties. You don't just attend, you have to audition at his radio station. He always has dancers and other types of entertainers. I'm on his best selling book, although not by name but by initials. He mentions that he stopped doing his Superbowl parties because they were getting out of hand. Well, I was one of the reasons, and he was the other, but I'm not going to say any more about it than that."

Hazards... It probably makes you wonder. If you would like to learn more about Zoryna, send SASE to:

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